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NEWS FROM IRELAND.

Dublin.

The following classified return of cattle exported from Ireland to Great Britain during week ended 21st Dec. 1867, has been issued from the Veterinary Department Privy Council office, Dublin Castle, and signed by Hugh Ferguson, Esq.:—Fat cattle—Bullocks, 962; heifers, 1,086; cows, 365; calves, 438. Dairy cattle—Bulls, 63; milch cows, 67; springers, 252. Total fat cattle, 3,222; dairy cattle, 285; dairy cattle, 422. Total number of cattle exported, 6,505.

At the Dundrum petty sessions, a young man was brought up for using sedition language, and crying out, "Hurrah for the Irish Republic." He was bound over to keep the peace for twelve months, himself in £10 and two sureties in £10 each.

On the evening of the 24 inst., a man named Hughes, who described himself as a national school teacher, attempted to murder a woman, named Ann Ryan, in the house No. 22 Dorset street Dublin. It appeared that Hughes lodged in the house above mentioned, and attacked Ann Ryan while in the act of cooking a beef-steak. He rushed at her with a life-preserver and beat her over so dreadfully that he broke the formidable weapon which he used in pieces. Thinking that he had killed the woman, he went to sackville-place station, and stated that he came to give himself up as he was after committing murder. On examination next day, in reply to the charge he said he did not deny it. The injured woman was then in such a precarious state that she could not be brought to the court to give evidence, and the prisoner was remanded. His conduct at present is unaccountable.

The Dublin Freeman of Jan. 2d, says:—Yesterday, the Right Hon. Wm. Carroll was inaugurated Lord Mayor of Dublin for the year 1868.

Wexford.

A little boy named Carroll was, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 31, passing an upright revolving shaft in a mill of Mr. Leared, at Glenfield near Wexford, when the shaft caught his clothing and whirled him round. At each revolution the boy's legs were struck violently against another part of the machinery, the result of which was that both legs were broken crushed in a fearful manner. As soon as the boy's cries were heard the machinery was stopped and the poor fellow extricated therefrom. He was taken to the county infirmary.

The dead body of a newly-born child was found wrapped up in a few pieces of clothing in a field, at a place called Knockmarch, about a mile and a half from Ennisceorthy lately a man of name Sherman.

Carlow.

The name of Robert Lawlor and Lawrence Kelly, grocers, of Carlow, have appeared the bankruptcy gazette; while the names of James Henry Lawrence Archer, of the same city, Captain on-half pay, has appeared in the insolvent lists.

King's County.

Mr. James Nolan, who for some time has been at the Roscrea station of the Great Southern and Western Railway, where, by his agreeable and obliging manner, he has made himself generally regretted, has been removed to Templemore, his former place being filled by Mr. McCarthy, from Kilkenny.

Limerick.

A Limerick correspondent of the Irish Times says:—On Wednesday night a fire broke out in the house of a man named Carroll, residing at Mount Russ, near Kilmallock, and is said to be work of the Fenians, with the object of drawing the police of Kilmallock from their station to the scene of conflagration. The military, however, only went there, and the burning resulted in the destruction of two cows and some pigs. It is stated that those who had cars for hire in the town refused to give them for the use of the authorities. One did accede, Mr. William Carroll, who, upon the occasion of the attack upon Clinallock station by the Fenians on the 5th of March last was pressed by the insurrections, and compelled to go forward to demand possession of the police barracks in the name of the Irish Republic.

A Limerick correspondent, writing to the Irish Times, says:—I understand the Castle authorities have instructed the police to furnish the names of the most prominent leaders of the late funeral procession here in honor of the three men executed at Manchester for the murder of Constable Brett. In compliance with these instructions, the police have furnished the names of over ninety persons who took part in the procession, and against whom it is reported legal proceedings will be instituted.

Kilkenny.

Three young men were recently arrested by the police in Kilkenny, on suspicion of having fired an unlicensed farm-house near Col. Wandeleur's Wood the powder used being some of that which was stolen some time before from Col. Vandeleur's yacht "Caroline," while lying in Kilrush harbor. Of course, the is credited to the Fenians.

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NEWS.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1868. [NO. 14]

Kerry.

Three men were recently arrested in Killarney, charged with Fenianism. They are John Healey, secretary of the proscribed funeral procession committee; Patrick Sullivan, grocer's assistant; and John O'Connor, draper's assistant. The prisoners were committed under a strong escort to the county jail at Tralee.

Denis Forhan, a respectable farmer residing at Ballybeggan, recently died suddenly at his home, of a fit of apoplexy. Deceased was over fifty years of age, and of a remarkably healthy constitution. He had been in Tralee on business, went home early, and had scarcely taken his supper when he leant back on his chair and expired without a struggle. He was a poor-law guardian, bailiff to Mr. James O'Connell, and a man of remarkably sober habits.

Tipperary.

A child belonging to parents named Roche, residing in Hawk st., Clonmel fell into a pot of boiling water. The injuries received from the accident were so severe as to cause the child's death on the following morning.

A young man named William Ryan, about nineteen years of age, stableman in the employment of Judge Gough, Rathfriland, was found in the neighborhood of his master's residence in a dying state on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 28th. He was quite speechless when found, and blood was flowing from a terrible wound in the head. A messenger was at once dispatched for medical aid, and in a very short time Drs. Green and Hemphill were on the spot. These gentlemen at once pronounced the sufferer beyond medical skill.

On the occurrence having been reported to the police, Sub-Inspector Greer and Head Constable Irwin at once proceeded to Rathfriland, and from some information gleaned, they arrested John Keating, a farm laborer, residing there. The prisoner was brought to Clonmel on the same night and committed for further examination by Percy Gough, Esq., J. Keating, it appears, admits having thrown a stone at a dog some time during the day, in the vicinity of the place where deceased was found. He, however, denies having seen deceased there.

Derry.

A correspondent of the Derry Journal says:—Dr. Long, district coroner, and a jury, held an inquest on the body of a young woman named Mary Roden, who died at her father's residence at Ballindrait, on Friday. The evidence given before the coroner on the occasion went to show a sister of deceased was employed in a scutcheon, streaking flax, for which she received 6d. a day, and on this small allowance a family of five were necessarily obliged to subsist. Deceased was for a long time past of a rather weak constitution, and must have for some considerable time suffered great privations, as her emaciated appearance clearly indicated a long acquaintance with extreme poverty. She was reduced almost to a skeleton. Dr. Smith, of Lifford, made a post mortem examination of the body, but could find no traces of food in the stomach except a small quantity of Indian meal porridge. His opinion was that death resulted from want of proper food nourishment. After the coroner explained to the jury the nature of the law in such cases, they found a verdict in accordance with the medical testimony, adding that no blame could be attached to the parents of deceased, as they had no means to supply the proper necessities.

The usual celebration of the closing of Derry walls on the 18th of December took place on that day, and passed off peaceably.

Kildare.

The Dublin Freeman says:—In accordance with the will of the late Thomas M. Donnellan, Esq., of Clare, Co. Kildare, the executor, the Rev. B. O'Neill, Ad., Carlow, has paid over the following bequests to the several parties and institutions specified:—All Hallows College, £2,000; Society for the Propagation of the Faith, £3,000; Society of St. Vincent de Paul, £150; Mater Misericordiae Hospital, £100; his Holiness the Pope, £200; the Oblate Fathers, Inchicore, £150; Clongowes College, £100; Convent of Clane, £50; Convent of Clane, for the Poor, £10; Church of Adam and Eve, £100; John Street Church [Augustinian], £100; a new Roman Catholic church at Clane, £100; Mount Mellary Abbey, £100.

Kilkenny.

Mr. Bracken, a sub-inspector of Irish constabulary, was recently fined £1 by the Kilkenny magistrates for having in an excess of zeal forcibly taken a green necktie off a young man named Carroll, who was wearing it ostentatiously in Kilkenny on the day when the Fenian funeral procession was to have taken place there.

The Kilkenny Journal says: A district court-martial assembled at the barracks on Monday, Dec. 30, for the trial of private James Harrington, 17th Regiment, on a charge of having, on the 16th of December in the public streets, made use of seditious language, such as "Hurrah for Ireland," "God save Ireland," &c. We understand the prisoner pleaded guilty, and the sentence was forwarded to the commander-in-chief for approval. Harrington is a native of Kilkenny.

Cork.

During the recent "scare" in Cork, on the rumor spreading of a Fenian privateer being in the harbor and, of course, bound to blow "the beautiful city" and all within it into a certain sulphurous region, the British steam-ram "Research" was ordered out to demolish the "invader." The valiant ram could not find any Fenian, but, being bound to fight something, charged against Daunt's Rock, and got so badly scarred that but for being hailed off by the troopship "Himalaya" it would have gone to pieces.

The Cork Examiner says: The vessel which was fired at by the Research lately was, we understand, a collier, belonging Messrs. Harley & Scott, of Cork. The captain was running hard to save his tide, and when the shot crossed her bows he had no inclination to lose time by stopping. The schooner is very fast, and was completely walking away from the Research, when the latter had recourse to a round shot to bring her to.

Waterford.

The Waterford News of Jan. 3, says:—In 1856, this city was governed by Cromwell's commissioners, at which period he abolished the mayoralty. He ordered "that no Papist be permitted to trade in the city, within or without the walls."

At the Waterford petty sessions lately, a man named Halsey was brought up in custody, charged with using seditious language at Morrison Road on Christmas Eve. The prisoner was very drunk, and shouted out "that I may see the Red Flag to hell and the Green Flag over it." He was brought before Mr. Gould, R. M., who remanded him to the petty sessions. The prisoner was bound in two sureties of £5 each to be of good behavior for the future.

Galway.

In the town Cong, on the 17th ult., a solemn requiem Mass offered up for the repose of the souls of the Manchester martyrs. The high priest on the occasion was Rev. John O'Malley, C. C. Cong; deacon, Rev. Jeremiah McEvilly, C. C., Hollymount; sub-deacon, Rev. Michael Brennan, C. C., Ballinrobe; master of ceremonies the Very Rev. Dean Waldron, Cong; assisting in the choir, Rev. Father Lavelle, Partry; Rev. Laurence Ansbro, C. C., Ross; and the Rev. John Mullarky, C. C., Partry; Miss Moran, the accomplished daughter of P. Moran, Esq., of Kilmogh House, presided at the harmonium, and, assisted by an efficient choir, rendered the music of Mozart's beautiful Requiem Mass in an excellent and impressive manner. At the conclusion of the High Mass Father Lavelle ascended the steps of the altar and addressed the congregation in Irish. His address was listened to in rapt silence by the vast assemblage. At the conclusion the congregation remained in prayer for a few minutes, and then retired to their homes in a quiet, orderly manner.

On Tuesday 17th ult., the memory of Allen, Gould and Larkin was duly honored in the Catholic church of Clifden. At nine o'clock, a m. a solemn Requiem Mass was offered for the repose of their souls, the Very Rev. P. M. Manus, P. P., V. F., being celebrant; Rev. P. M. Andrew, C. C., do; deacon, Rev. H. Fenneman, C. C., sub-deacon, and Rev. R. Prendergast, C. C., master of ceremonies. The plaintive beautiful music of which the Catholic Church makes use on such solemn occasions was feelingly rendered by the chapel choir, which owes its tasteful perfection to the care and instruction of the Sisters of Mercy. The ships were closed and the ladies joined in the throng, wore a profusion of green ribbon, which was not without a deep and significant meaning.

Mayo.

A Castlebar correspondent, under date December 18, says:—A High Mass was celebrated in the parish chapel for the repose of the souls of Allen, Larkin O'Brien. At the conclusion of the High Mass Father Lavelle addressed the people, at first in Irish, and subsequently in English, and expressed the warmest sympathy with, and admiration for Allen, O'Brien and Larkin, and also his conviction that self-government was the only remedy for the evils under which, in his opinion, this country labored.

The Castlebar Telegraph, of a late date, announces that, on the 23d ult., a solemn requiem high Mass was offered up in that town for the repose of the souls of the Manchester martyrs. High Mass commenced at halfpast ten o'clock. At the conclusion of the high Mass, the Venerable Arcedeckan addressed the congregation briefly, but eloquently, in Irish. His address called forth fervent and earnest shouts of sympathy afterwards dispersed. Sub-Inspector Abbott, and the police of Ballinrobe and other towns, were on duty during the day, but this unseemly and ridiculous manifestation of armed force was totally unnecessary.

I had discovered nothing unusual in the walls, door, window, skylight or bed on the latter of which I had thrown myself without undressing and yet I was uneasy as I tried to give myself into the arms of Morpheus.

At last, from sheer fatigue, I fell into a fitful slumber a slumber which nearly cost me my life.

I had slept half an hour or more, troubled continually by the most hideous dreams, when I awoke as if at the touch of a man. I had left my light burning, but when I was awakened it was out. A vivid flash of lightning lit up the room through the window, so that I could have seen a man had he been at my bedside. I could see no one. A shiver ran through me as I peered into the darkness, and I could feel the touch that woke me, as though a hand lay on my body still.

The thunder that followed the lightning was terrific; but the beating on my heart was louder to me than that. I was unarmed, and there was a man in the chamber. Of this not my mind, but my heart was certain.

It was not thought, but feeling. It was possible that I was awakened by simply a twitch of my body, which, in my waking dream, would seem like the touch of a hand; and it was possible the lamp was out for lack of oil, or by the wind the howled at periods through the cracked boards at the window. Yet I knew that a man was in the chamber; and, for a moment I held my breath, for fear of bringing him upon me by even the sound of my breathing.

In that brief moment I bethought me of some means of defense. The picture I had often drawn to myself, while lying awake in the night, was that I should ever be attacked while lying in bed, I would seize the pillow and receive the attack upon it. I did so now, and not too soon, for a form leaped from the side of the bed next to the wall, and threw itself upon me. At the same instant the chamber was lit by another flash, which revealed to me the inn keeper. I saw a large-knife in the air above me, and then it descended with almost a hiss.

Had not my pillow been my shield the weapon would have sunk to the hilt in my breast; but as it was the pillow saved me. The knife sank through it and touched my body, inflicting a slight flesh wound, but nothing more.

"Cursed you," cried the inn keeper, in a hoarse voice. "You have wit, but I have a knife." As he uttered the last words, he essayed to withdraw the weapon, at the same time grasping my pillow to wrench it aside. But he had miscalculated his man. In my former picture of imagination, I had thought of just what I would do under the circumstances; and in this case I did it exactly.

The moment the knife touched my breast my right hand was on the arm of the inn keeper, and gliding rapidly down, was on his wrist ere he could snatch away the blade. My grip was usually strong; and now the nerve of suddenly awakened fear and anger rendered it a temporary vice.

It was not the inn keeper who succeeded in wrenching away the pillow, but myself. As he strove to wrench it one way, I did the other; and by a sudden twitch I snatched it from his grasp, and pushed it with my left hand into his face, toward his heavy breathing was a guide. I heard a stifled curse, and I could feel that he had angrily clenched at this strange instrument of attack, not only with his left hand, but with the right on which I had my hold.

My eyes were becoming accustomed to the dark as I knew his long head and I could see plainly enough to take instant advantage of the position. When he clenched with his right at the pillow, I suddenly withdrew my left hand from the pillow, and concerning the strength of both hands on his which held the knife, wrenched away the weapon ere he could understand my intention. I had seen that I was dealing with a strong man, and I knew that the knife was not the only weapon about such a villain; I also fancied that another assailant more furious in her strength than man, would soon be upon me, though I could neither see nor hear her.

"Hang ye!" muttered the man; "take the knife, but I'll—"

He interrupted his own speech to thrust his hand into his breast, having hurled the treacherous pillow far from darkness. Another friendly flash lit up the scene, and I saw the butt of a pistol, as he was plucking it from his breast. At the same moment I caught the rapid glimpse of a tall figure creeping up from the lower end of the chamber beyond the foot of the bed.

I saw that what was done by me must be done quickly. The pistol was released from its place of concealment, when I leaped upon the inn-keeper. I threw myself bodily against the bed which held the pistol, and with my left hand I grasped at his throat, while with my right I struck with all my force at his breast. My blow took effect, but not as intended. He had thrown up his arm when I leaped at him, and it was through this arm that the knife was passing through the flesh, and wringing from him a sharp cry of pain.

"Ralph!" broke in a voice close to us.

"Ye snifle like a coward! Give way to a surer hand!" This was uttered in a voice subdued but charged with fury; and for an instant I experienced that feeling of despair which seizes one when all hope of deliverance from immediate death has fled. This was only for a moment, however, for in the intensity of my emotions, seconds seemed as minutes, and I could act as rapidly in proportion. The man essayed to return an answer, and had already uttered the words, "I'm awake!" when I withdrew my knife from his arm, and wrenching the limb aside, drove the steel into his breast. He sank back with a groan, and I turned in time to confront the hag, whose peculiar eyes shone in the darkness like those of an enraged panther.

The appearance of those eyes was appalling; and had I not been nerved by my success in the struggle with the inn-keeper, I think they would have struck me with fear. They were bright with magnetic light, and I could see that the yellow ring was the brightest of all. For an instant I was motionless, fascinated as I was by the remarkable gaze, and in that instant a third flash of lightning lit up her savage countenance. As she stood where she halted when I turned upon her, the lightning flashed through the window full into her face. It was horrible.

Suddenly, as the light leapt back, as it were, through the window, she rose to her full height and darted upon me. The lightning had not entirely gone out, before I saw that she carried in her hand, not a coarse knife, but a long, slender dagger, which threw back the brightness from a surface of the highest polish. In the darkness that followed I saw this weapon gleam over her head, and her eyes rivalled in their brilliancy the flash which had shown us to each other.

To my astonishment, just as I was preparing for the attack (for it was impossible for me to be the attack-party in this case), she dropped her arm, and subduing her voice, to say, "Stranger, ye be a bold man! Live here, and we'll get rid of the old one."

As I look back on the strange scene, I am convinced that her singular action was the result of one of those sudden changes which come over women of her stamp, as they do over the savage race, she having seen as much of me in that illumination as many would in a lifetime. Her companion in crime was nothing more to her, and in the reaction of her feelings the man who slew him was to her of Greater power. There was no love between them, and I was the one left, whose action, if not appearance, was satisfactory to her fearless nature.

I say that I am convinced that such was her feeling when she paused and spoke those words to me, through I leave my readers to form their own opinion on the matter.

Whatever may have been her thoughts and feelings it is certain that I looked upon this change of movement as a bit of strategy, and acted accordingly.

It accomplished one object agreeable to me; it saved me from attempting the life of a woman, which, under those circumstances, even, was not an agreeable act of necessity.

My answer was prompt, and its promptness was what probably took her off her guard. I sprang forward, and hurling her against the wall, I rushed by, and ere she could recover from her surprise, was out of the door which they had opened by some process best known to themselves and down the stairs. I lost no time in preparing my horse for the continuance of my journey in the still raging storm.

I pushed my way along till morning, and then at the first settlement related my adventure. I could not spare time to go back with the party who started for the inn; neither did I believe their errand would amount to anything. I afterward learned that they found the inn ashes, with the charred remains of the old man among them. Either the woman or the lightning had done the work. As the woman had never been discovered, the whole affair is still enshrouded in mystery.

The following account of a man being rescued from a living tomb, is taken from a Wisconsin paper of December 31:

The most remarkable case of preservation from extreme peril that we ever had occasion to record occurred in the town of Amherst, Portage county, on Sunday last (the 22d of December). The facts, as we glean them, are these: William Buhe, a German farmer, living two miles east of Amherst village, has been for some time past engaged in digging a well upon his premises. At the depth of eighty feet he encountered the bed-rock, and after expending a large quantity of powder, with little effect, on the solid granite, he abandoned the shaft and commenced sinking a new one in a promising locality. As it is the common practice in digging wells through the loose drift of this region, he had protected the original well by wooden curbing, being pieces of plank placed transversely across the shaft to resist considerable pressure.

On Thursday morning Buhe was engaged in removing the curbing and filling up the old well, and commencing at the bottom had filled up fourteen feet. His brother was at the top of the shaft assisting in drawing up the planks. The working at the bottom had withdrawn about four feet of the curbing and commenced drawing earth from the sides, when the one at the top saw him in the dim light below, springing the ladder heard him ejaculate, "Oh, Christ!" when he was intercepted from view by the whirling planks, and the unfortunate man was buried seventy five feet under ground. The walls of the well had caved in except twenty-five feet at the top, and the wretched excavator lay overwhelmed and apparently crushed and lifeless at the bottom. The workman at work at the top of the shaft was horror stricken and paralyzed. The idea of rescue does not seem to have entered his mind, and during all day Thursday not a spade was driven into the ground, not an effort made to exhume the buried man. During the day however, tidings of the affair had gone abroad and some energetic citizen of Amherst determined that an effort should be made to recover the body.

Friday morning, under direction of an experienced well-digger, with a sufficient force of men, they set to work. Having to feel their way carefully, and a recurrence of the same disaster, now doubly imminent from the loosened state of the earth adjacent to the walls of the well, the necessarily made slow progress, although relays of men kept the work moving without intermission day and night.

On Saturday evening at sunset they were yet eight feet from the object of their reach. At this time a young man in the bottom of the shaft thrust his foot into a crevice between the pieces of the original curbing, and instantly clambered up the ladder almost speechless with agitation and fright. He had heard a rumbling noise in the hole. Men of firmer nerves made haste down the yawning chasm, and word was immediately passed up to the expectant crowd above the man was alive, he could speak. From that moment until his final release from his fearful prison, the excitement among the large concourse of people who had assembled from the whole country side to witness or assist, was intense. Soon word came from below that they could communicate with the buried man, that he was nearly exhausted he despaired of ultimate release, and with his little remaining strength wanted to communicate his last wishes to his friends. His brother was sent down and by placing his ear to the crevice was enabled to make out from the faint voice below the speaker's last directions as to his family and estate. Meanwhile means were found to force down some refreshments through the tortuous passage between the fallen planks, and rags were forced down to enable him to stop up some crevices through which he said the sand was pouring in on him, and the work of excavation went on.

On Sunday morning the diggers had reached the buried man. On removing the debris around him, they found the poor fellow alive. He was partly sitting with one foot nearly under him, the knee bent outward and the whole leg pinioned by a stout plank resting on it, with both ends imbedded in the sides of the well. It was found no easy task to remove the plank. In fact, it occupied three hours assiduous labor to chisel away the wooden fetter. At last, seventy-two hours after accident occurred, the buried man was taken to the surface. His joy and gratitude knew no bounds. He offered his deliverers his money, his horses, his farm, anything, everything he possessed, nor were the spectators scarcely less profound affected.

The poor fellow had eaten of half his thick leather belt in the extremity of his hunger. He had heard everything that transpired above him, and passed the first twenty-four hours of his horrid imprisonment in alternate wonder, anxiety and despair that no effort was made to release him. He was only slightly bruised, and at this date is walking around, scarcely worse for the accident.

The British Ironclad "Hercules," said to be the largest in the world, was recently launched at the Chatham dock-yard.

